AN AMERICAN BARONET.

Sir William Johnson, Who Was the Colonial Bismarck of Eastern New York.

Noble L. Prentiss in Kansas City Star.

The sojourner in this ancient village—Johnstown, N. Y., is its legal title—is brought face to face with an historical building, and with one of the enigmas of American history. The building has been called for 118 years, "Johnson Hall," and the once great public character is styled on many a page of record at the court-houses, "Sir William Johnson, of Johnson Hall, in the county of Tyron (it is Fulton county now) and Province of New York, Baronet of the kingdom of Great Britain."

To make a variously-told and long-disputed story short, William Johnson was born about the year 1715, in the county of Down, in Ireland, in that wonderful province of Ulster, which has sent out so many capable and active men to stir up various portions of this world. He was a nephew of Sir Peter Warren, a famous admiral in the British navy, and himself appeared, a tall, athletic young Irishman, in the woods of northeastern New York about the year 1738, as agent for a large landed estate, owned by his uncle, and as an Indian trader. He soon became a famous local character; was made superintendent or agent of the Six Nations; built a stout stone house on the Mohawk and called it Fort Johnson; took a notable part in the war with France, which began in 1754, which introduced to the world George Washington, and which ended with the death of James Wolfe and of the Marquis de Montcalm, and fall of Quebec and the destruction of the French empire in North America. For his share he was knighted, made Sir William Johnson, and granted £10,000.

Later he was commissioned a major-general in the British army and granted 100,000 acres of land; founded the settlement called for himself Johnstown; left Fort Johnson, built the wooden house called "Johnson Hall," and under its roof died on the 11th of July, 1774, and was buried in the Episcopal Church, which he had caused to be built in his village of Johnstown.

What manner of man William Johnson was between the dates 1738 and 1774 is the question over which the historians, local and general, have had their battle. He has been represented as a braggart; a pretender who received the honors and rewards really won by the courage of other men, as at the battle of Lake George where Dieskan was defeated; as a base sycophant changing the name of Lake St. Sacrement to Lake George to curry favor with his royal master; as a coarse semi-barbarian, living first, without marriage, with a Dutch woman who had been bound out to servitude to pay her passage money, and whom he bought; and installing, after her death, Mollie Brandt, an Indian, as mistress of Johnson Hall, and the mother of seven children who were never made legitimate, as the father bende of illegitimate offspring, white and Indian, the number of which common consent seems to have fixed at 100; as a man who acquired control over savages by being himself a savage; by assuming the dress of the Indian and pandering to his every wickedness; and finally dying a suicide, rather than face at the outbreak of the American revolution the question whether he should stand for crown or country.

On the other hand, he has been portrayed as a gallant and generous man, and chivalrous soldier; the one public officer in the province of New York or any other English province who won and held an influence over large numbers of Indians, by perfect tact, iron firmness and absolute justice; a public-spirited landed proprietor and civil magistrate, who encouraged the settlement of the wilderness by Dutchman, German and Englishman; who introduced agriculture; built mills, churches and schools; a generous, genial and hospitable gentleman, at whose board noble, and gentle, and rude, and savage, high-born lady and blanketed squaw were entertained with a hospitality that absolutely knew no limit; and, finally, as a philanthropist who embraced in his affection his red, wild brother; believed in the Christianization of the Indian; sent Mohawk youth to the school which afterward became Dartmouth College, that they might become preachers of the Gospel, and who might well write the solemn dedication with which his will begins:

"I resign my soul to the great and merciful God who made it, in hopes, through the merits alone of my blessed Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, to have a joyful resurrection to life eternal."

It is not the purpose of this letter to discuss which view of this once famous man is the correct one, but only to call attention to the truth that if one would be brought very near the great events which changed the fate of North America, which affected for all time the language, the religion, the institutions and the destiny of every individual now living or who will live on this continent, he should come to this old yet new, this hill-and-hollow, cobble-paved, elm-shaded village of Johnstown and stand beneath the roof of Johnstown Hall.

Into whatever depth of shadow the memory of the old Bismarck of the wilderness may have fallen elsewhere, Sir William Johnson of Johnson Hall is a very real person in the town where he passed his late years and where he lies buried. The large hotel of the place is the Sir William Johnson hotel; the social club is the "Fort Johnson Club," the portrait of the baronet in his red coat hangs in the hall of St. Patrick's lodge, A. F. and A. M., No. 5 among the Masonic lodges of the State of New York; the omnibus which rattles over the cobbles is named "Sir William Johnson." There is no stone to mark the low ridge in St. John's churchyard, now being covered with falling leaves like the "babes in the wood," and there needs none, since the man's name and memory are preserved in a thousand ways; in relics, beside the house he built, and in the ancient Dutch family of Van Vost, there has been a son named "William Johnson" in each of four generations. And there is Johnson Hall—when built the finest house in the Mohawk valley—a great house, of timber, with a hip roof, with a wide hall on the first and second floors; square, wainscoted rooms, great fireplaces and a mahogany staircase, the like of which probably did not then exist outside of Albany or New York city. This was flanked by two stone structures like block-houses, one of which remains, and around all was once a stone wall, inclosing the plants and shrubbery which Sir William caused to blossom in the wilds. There are still some tall poplars which he planted, so old that buttresses have grown up about their trunks and look high abroad, as the sentries did of yore. The house has been somewhat modernized, but is, for the most part, the house of the eighteenth century. If ghosts walked now it should troop with them in still, dark, sad and moonless nights.

Sir John Johnson, son of the builder, was driven from it by the rising storm of the American revolution, which broke out in 1774, the year Sir William died. He returned from Canada to his confiscated estate of Johnson Hall, to secure two barrels of silver dollars hidden and saved through the faithfulness of a slave, and to burn and kill in the country filled with his father's old friends and his own. Then at the close of the war the Johnson family and the baronetcy remained a Canadian possession, and Johnson's Hall, sold by the sequestration commissioners, passed into the hands of the Wells family who have held it for four generations, and to young Mr. Burton Wells, born at the hall, I am indebted for much of interest. That old house saw as visitors all that was strange and bright in colonial life. Mohawks gathered there by thousands for weeks together for peace or war; the balustrade of the great staircase is marked by their tomahawks. Hither came lords and ladies of high degree, hunters and all the men of the forest green; if not the king then all the king's men. I have read since coming here many of their names which I shall forget; you will find many of them in Mr. Harold Frederic's fine story "In the Valley."

But "God Save the King," I shall remember one name surely. Among those who frequented the place was Doctor Shuckburgh, Sir William Johnson's secretary of Indian affairs, and he composed as a joke a certain tune which he told the provincial soldiers was a famous composition, and they adopted it, and it has lived, and the old sounds have faded out and "God Save the King" is lost to the ear, and there are no more kings or baronets for us, but from the dusk of the past time comes shrill and clear the triumphant trills and quavers of "Yankee Doodle Dandy, oh."

How to Preserve the Voice.

Campanini, in Ladies' Home Journal.

How to preserve the voice and keep it presumably fresh is almost like asking how to keep from growing old. Some people grow faster than others because they are imprudent and do not take care of themselves. The voice should not be imposed upon, and instead of growing husky in a decade it should remain comparatively fresh for two and even four decades. Patti's voice is a fine example of one that has never been imposed upon, never been forced to sing six nights in a week and once at a matinee. A grand opera singer should sing only twice a week, perhaps three times if his or her physical condition warrants it. Singers should have plenty of sleep, good appetites, nothing to make them nervous, and, if possible, a more or less phlegmatic disposition. The latter they rarely possess to any great degree. Overwork is death to a voice. A singer will not notice, at first, the inroads that gradually undermine a voice and leave it an echo of its former sweetness.

STRONG MEN THEN AND NOW.

John L. Would Make Short Work of the Boxer of Old Greece.

London Globe.

The prize-fighter of our epoch would make short work of the ear-crushing boxer of old Greece, whose method of procedure was not to strike out from the shoulder but to swing down his heavily weighted fist like a hammer, and whose deadliest attack consisted in standing on tiptoe and pounding the top of his adversary's head. It has been claimed, and with much show of reason, that the records of our heroes of the cinder path would have astonished the best runners at the Olympian or Pythian festivals. And, similarly, it is probable that the professional strong men of recent sensations have been at least the equals of those who were the delight and astonishment of the ancients.

Milo, of Crotona, the celebrated wrestler, was, of course, the Strong Man par excellence of the classical era. One of the deeds attributed to him is notable enough. Pausanias tells us that he "would bind his forehead with a cord, after the fashion of a fillet or a crown, compress his lips, hold his breath, and so fill the veins of his head with blood as to burst the cord by the strength of his veins." The physiological explanation of "how it was done" does not appear very satisfactory, and it is, perhaps, not uncharitable to suppose that this particular story is fictitious or an exaggeration. But for the rest of Milo's muscular exploits parallels could readily be found in modern or comparatively modern, times. Thus the slaying of an ox at a single blow has been by no means an uncommon feat. M. Gregoire, who at a very advanced age startled the good people of Hereford some twenty years ago by his displays, and who was said to be so strong that he was afraid to nurse his own baby, frequently performed it, and there is at present living in London at least one man who has done the same.

Against Milo's tricks with the trees, which he is described as tearing up by the roots—the size and growth of the said trees being, by the way, nowhere recorded—we may set the achievement of Topham, the Strong Man of Islington, who pulled against a horse, with his feet resting against a low wall; or, better still, that of William Jay, the "English Samson," a Kentish man born in the latter part of the seventeenth century, who restrained a strong horse, plunging forward under the influence of the whip, without availing himself of any support whatever; or again, that of the acrobat some years ago at Berlin, who, hanging head downward from a trapeze, slowly drew up from the stage a horse and its rider and as slowly let them down again.

Nor was Milo, walking through the Stadium with a four-year-old heifer on his shoulders, a more remarkable sight than that offered in Hungary by the Paspischilli brothers, who are described as having supported a sort of wooden bridge while a cart filled with stones and drawn by two horses was driven over it, or than that of the experiments in bearing heavy weights which have been presented to music-hall audiences in contemporary London.

CARICATURE IN OLDEN TIMES.

The Ancient Egyptian by No Means Devoid of Humor.

Parent's Review.

Caricature was known from a very early period, a little broad sometimes and full of satire, but telling and original. In a papyrus of the nineteenth dynasty, now in the Turin Museum, amusing scenes are depicted in the love affairs of a shaven priest and a songstress of the Temple of Ammon; while in the same papyrus are sketched comic groups of animal life. In the first scene a lion, a crocodile and an ape are giving a vocal and instrumental concert. Next comes an ass, dressed, armed and sceptered like a Pharaoh, with majestic swagger he receives the gifts presented to him by a cat of high degree, to whom a bull acts as proud conductor. A lion and gazelle are playing at draughts, a hippopotamus is perched in a tree, and a hawk has climbed into the tree by means of a ladder and tries to dislodge him. A Pharaoh in the shape of a rat, drawn in a chariot by prancing greyhounds, is proceeding to storm a fort garrisoned by cats, the latter having no arms but teeth and claws, whereas the rats have battle-axes, shields, and bows, and arrows. The artist's idea seems to have been the defeat of the cats by the animals upon which they prey; or, if we look for a deeper meaning, the successful revolt of the oppressed upon the oppressor. In a papyrus in the British Museum a flock of geese are being driven by a cat, and a herd of goats by two wolves, with crooks and wallet; one of the wolves is playing a double flute. A drawing on a tile in the New York Museum represents (quite in the Caldecott style) a cat dressed as an Egyptian lady of fashion, seated languidly in a chair, sipping wine out of a small bowl, and being fanned and offered dainties by an abject-looking tom cat with his tail between his legs. On the walls of a tomb at Thebes belonging to a priest of Ammon the love of caricature is indulged in, even in the sacred subject of a funeral. One of the boats following in the mournful procession across the Nile to the sacred necropolis has grounded, and, in being pushed off the bank, strikes a smaller one laden with sacerdotal offerings of cakes, fruit, etc. The table on which these dainties are arranged has upset, and the good things are falling like a hail-storm on the heads of the astonished rowers underneath. The more we learn of the habits of the ancient Egyptians the less we cherish the old impression of their being a gloomy people of serious character. Human nature five thousand years ago was much the same as it is to-day, altered simply by climate and custom, and the oldest papyrus in the world, now in the National Library in Paris, written 3,350 B. C., contains a series of maxims which we of to-day might take to heart.

Mrs. George William Curtis.

New York Letter.

I very often see a matronly-looking woman, with a bright, intellectual face, on Broadway in the vicinity of Washington square. Her manner is simple and dignified, and altogether she is handsome and agreeable. She is rather old-fashioned in her ideas of dress. Her gowns have all the quaintness of the style of twenty-five or thirty years ago, and this rather pleasing effect is heightened by the manner in which she wears her hair, pressed flat on top and folded neatly down the sides of her head. Who is she? The wife of George William Curtis. She was a Miss Shaw before her marriage to the brilliant litterateur. Mrs. Curtis leads a remarkably simple life at her pleasant home on Staten island. The house is a neat frame cottage. It is surrounded by spacious grounds, in which are many fine old trees. A winding drive leads up from the gate to the house. The appointments of the interior betray at once the literary man and cultured scholar. The house is furnished in extreme good taste, and an air of refinement and culture is prevalent everywhere within. Mrs. Curtis is not known in the literary world, except as the wife of Mr. Curtis. She very rarely goes into society, although she has friends by the score. Mrs. Curtis's pleasant and genial appearance does not indicate that she has found the companionship of a literary man irksome or uncongenial.

A Friendly Hint.

Albany Argus.

It was a bright little boy on Washington avenue who had been taught by his God-fearing mamma to nightly offer up prayers for his own worldly welfare, as well as each member of the family. He was a bright and, consequently, a mischievous lad, and was inclined to transgress mundane regulations, but the careful espionage of an aunt named Maria kept him within bounds. One day, having more than his usual modicum of animal spirits, he had a serious difference of opinion with her, and when he had donned his night-gown preparatory to retiring, it caused much persuasion on the part of his mother to have him include his aunt in his prayers. It was not without a struggle that he did it, and he compromised the matter by saying: "And, O Lord, there is Aunt Maria, but the less you have to do with her the better."

MORGAN'S GOLD.

An Expedition to the Caribbean Sea to Search for Treasure Hidden by a Pirate.

Baltimore Special.

Capt. Robert Annett, an old mariner of many shipwrecks and thrilling adventures of the sea, arrived here to-day. He is arranging for another expedition to the island of Santa Catalina, in the Caribbean sea, which was formerly the headquarters of the notorious Captain Morgan, the buccaneer. In 1877 Captain Annett was pilot and interpreter of an expedition on the schooner Maria, in search of the pirate's hidden gold. The yacht Maria reached the island in November, 1887, and the expedition remained there for three weeks without making any discovery. Permission was obtained to visit the island for the purpose of hunting, but the real nature of the expedition having been discovered, a Spanish man-of-war was sent to investigate. The Maria sailed away from one side of the island while the man-of-war was approaching the other. The Maria proceeded to Balize, and then spent three months searching for the phantom treasures on Turnefeccas in the Bay of Honduras. The machinery gave out, and the expedition headed for New York. Five days after leaving Balize the schooner sprung a leak, and the crew were rescued one hour before the vessel sunk.

The island lies in latitude about eleven degrees north. It is a mile in circumference, mountainous, and a complete network of caverns. Buccaneer Morgan was a sanguine pirate, and, after killing all the crew of every vessel he captured, would secrete the booty on the island of Catalina, according to tradition. It is reported among the natives of the island of Old Providence, three-quarters of a mile from Santa Catalina, that when Captain Morgan was captured by a British man-of-war, he said he would reveal the hiding place of his treasure if his life was spared. This was refused, and Captain Morgan was hanged at the yard-arm, his secret dying with him. Captain Annett says he has two men who have found treasure on the island. One of these is John Curry, of Kingston, Jamaica, who discovered in a cave $10,000 in Spanish doubloons. Curry told Captain Annett that he landed on the island from a Spanish vessel in search of wood and water. While there he chased an iguana, which ran in a hole near one of the forts. Curry put his hand in the hole after the animal, and says it came in contact with masonry. He pulled out two or three stones and discovered that the masonry concealed the entrance to a large cave. Curry entered the cave and built a fire to give him light, and was astonished at what he beheld.

There were in the cave nine earthen jars, filled to the top with Spanish doubloons and cases filled with jewels, while gold and silverware were strewn around. Curry took away $10,000 in gold, as much as he could conveniently carry without exciting the suspicion of the men on the vessel, who he feared would murder him if his secret was discovered. He went to Jamaica and spent his fortune in a few years. When advised to be less lavish in his expenditures Curry would say he knew where there was plenty more. After his treasure was exhausted he returned to the island, and was arrested there by the Innians of Old Providence and taken to Aspinwall, where he was imprisoned. Mr. Compton the British consul at Aspinwall, interfered in Curry's behalf, and he was released. His story induced Compton to invest in an expedition to the island, and he secured the services of a British man-of-war. Curry was with the expedition, but refused to disclose the treasure cave, he said he was afraid he would not get any of the find. Curry was threatened with lynching, and Mr. Compton committed suicide by blowing his brains out as a result of the expedition.

Alex. Archibald, of Old Providence, while digging a well on Santa Catalina, struck an earthen jar with his spade. Thinking he had made a discovery, he sent his assistants back to Old Providence and pursued his investigations alone. When the jar was removed Archibald found it to contain $15,000 in Spanish doubloons. Captain Annett's new expedition will sail in the spring. He will have full charge. Concessions have been obtained from the government of Honduras for this expedition, and it will not be molested. It pays 10 per cent. to the government and 15 per cent. to the Balize Produce Company, of Honduras, on all treasure found for the privilege of prosecuting the search. Captain Annett is confident of success.

INGERSOLL'S $1,000 BILL.

He Did Not Understand the Case Until He Received a Liberal Fee.

Detroit Free Press.

Col. R. G. Ingersoll is one of the lawyers to whom his profession yields a fortune every year. A quarter of a million is a small valuation to place upon his receipts, and he is one of the few men who shine either as a pleader or a counselor. He has accumulated great wealth, which, it is safe to say, no one who knows him begrudges him.

His face and form are familiar to all Wall and Beard-street men, and his offices on Wall street are handsomely fitted up and elegant. They are comfortable offices, just as the genial Bob is a comfortable man. Great numbers of stories are told about him. Here is one guaranteed to be new:

A stranger went to him one day, and without any reference to the matter of the retainer began: "My father died and made a will," and then went on to tell about his trouble with the will.

"Do you understand the case now?" asked the stranger.

"No, sir," responded Mr. Ingersoll. I do not."

Somewhat embarrassed, the stranger went away. He told a friend of his experience with the philosophical lawyer.

"Go back to him," said the friend, "lay a $1,000 bill on his desk and then talk."

The advice was followed. He was received as one who had never been in the office before. He laid the big bill down and said: "My father died and made a will—"

Mr. Ingersoll was at once interested. He interrupted his new client. "How," said he, "could your father die and make a will? Do you not mean that he made a will and then died?"

Business proceeded.

LAST DAYS OF BENEDICT ARNOLD.

His Glorious Deeds Were Forgotten in Remorse and Self-Reproach.

John Fiske, in the Atlantic.

All the family tradition goes to show that the last years of Benedict Arnold in London were years of bitter remorse and self-reproach. The great name which he had so gallantly won and so wretchedly lost left him no repose by night or day. The iron frame, which had withstood the fatigue of so many trying battlefields and still more trying marches through the wilderness, broke down at last under the slow torture of lost friendships and merited disgrace. In the last sad days in London, in June, 1801, the family tradition says that Arnold's mind kept reverting to his old friendship with Washington. He had always carefully preserved the American uniform which he wore on the day when he made his escape to the Vulture; and now as, broken in spirit and weary of life, he felt the last moments coming, he called for the uniform and put it on, and decorated himself with the epaulettes and sword-knot which Washington had given him after the victory of Saratoga. "Let me die," said he, "in the old uniform in which I fought my battles. May God forgive me for ever putting on any other!"

As we thus reach the end of one of the saddest episodes in American history, our sympathy cannot fail for the moment to go out toward the sufferer, nor can we help contrasting these passionate dying words with the last cynical scoff of that other traitor, Charles Lee, when he begged that he might not be buried within a mile of any church, as he did not wish to keep bad company after death. From beginning to end the story of Lee is little more than a vulgar melodrama; but into the story of Arnold there enters that element of awe and pity which, as Aristotle pointed out, is an essential part of real tragedy. That Arnold had been very shabbily treated, long before any thought of treason entered his mind, is not to be denied. That he may honestly have come to consider the American cause hopeless; that he may really have lost his interest in it because of the French alliance—all this is quite possible. Such considerations might have justified him in resigning his commission; or even had he openly and frankly gone over to the enemy, much as we should have deplored such a step, some persons would always have been found to judge him leniently, and accord him the credit of acting upon principle. But the dark and crooked course which he did choose left open no alternative but that of unqualified condemnation. If we feel less of contempt and more of sorrow in the case in Arnold than in the case of such a weakling as Charles Lee, our verdict is not the less unmitigated. Arnold's fall was by far the more terrible, as he fell from a great height, and into a depth than which none could be lower. It is only fair that we should recall his services to the cause of American independence, which were unquestionably greater than those of any other man in the Continental army except Washington and Greene. But it is part of the natural penalty that attaches to backsliding such as his, that when we hear the name of Benedict Arnold these are not the things which it suggests to our minds, but the name stands, and will always stand, as a symbol of unfaithfulness to trust.

BEAUTY AND PHYSIQUE.

Characteristics of the Different Races of Mankind Not Improved by Education.

London Spectator.

Beauty is a result of circumstances, such as personal freedom and mode of life and of continuous diet, not of intelligence and still less of the acquisition of knowledge, which latter can only benefit the individual whose features are fixed past serious change before study is ever begun. A man or a woman who inherits his or her face and mental habitude, though it may greatly affect its meaning, can no more alter its shape than assiduous training can turn a smooth fox terrier into the wiry kind from Airedale.

It may even be doubted, strange as many will deem the assertion, whether continuous education will produce beauty, whether the growth of intelligence will even in ages yield the physical result which we notice the authors of Utopias always assume, as if it were a scientifically demonstrable consequence of the new society. The most beautiful black race in Africa, a tribe of Nyassaland, on whose looks even missionaries grow eloquent, and who are really as perfect as bronze statues, are as ignorant as fishes, and though they have discovered the use of fire, have never risen to the conception of clothes of any kind. The Otaheitan when discovered was as uncultured as the Papuan now is; yet the former approached as nearly to positive beauty as the latter does to positive deformity. The keenest race in Asia, and, as all who know them assert, the strongest in character, the Chinese, is decidedly the ugliest of semi-civilized mankind; while the Hindoo, if sufficiently fed, is, even when as ignorant as an animal, almost invariably handsome. The Circassians, who know nothing and are rather stupid than exceptionally intelligent, are physically a faultless race—far more so than the Germans, who, though the best trained people in the world, display a marked commonness of feature, as if the great sculptor—Nature—had used good clay, but taken no trouble about the modeling. Some of the very ablest among them belong to the flat-nosed, puffy-cheeked, loose-lipped variety. The keenest race in the world, and probably the one most susceptible to culture, the Jew, presents few types of beauty, being usually at once hook-nosed and flabby-cheeked, though in physique, as in thought, that race occasionally throws out transcendent examples. The tamed Arabs of Egypt, who seem to possess poor brains, and, of course, have no education, are often extraordinarily handsome, while in 1860 the grandest head in Asia, a head which every artist copied as his ideal of Jove, belonged to an Arab horse-dealer, who, outside of his trade, knew nothing. No modern men of culture would pretend, in mere perfectness of form, to rival the old Greek athletes, who, intellectually, were probably animals, or the Bersekers, who were, for the most part, only hard-drinking soldiers. The royal caste which has been cultivated for a thousand years seldom produces beautiful men, and still seldomer beautiful women, most princesses, though sometimes dignified, having been marked, as to features, by a certain ordinariness often wanting in the poor, and especially the poor of certain districts, like Devon, in England, and Arles and Marseilles in France. Devon is no better taught than Suffolk, but mark the difference in peasant form. In the last century the ablest men in Europe were remarkable for a certain superfluity of flesh, of which Gibbon's face is the best-known and most absurd example, and in our own time intellect, even hereditary intellect, is constantly found dissociated from good looks, and even from distinction, some of the ablest men being externally heavy and gross, and some of the ablest women marked by an indefiniteness of cheek and chin, as if they had been carved by the fingers in putty. No stranger ever saw Tennyson without turning around, but Browning would have passed unnoticed in any English or Austrian crowd. The air of physical refinement, which is what continuous culture should give, is precisely the air which is often lacking among the cultured, as it is also in many aristocratic families. Indeed, though caste must mean more or less hereditary culture, it is doubtful if it secures beauty. It does not in the royal houses, and in any regiment, though an officer or two will probably stand first, the proportion of splendid men will be found greater among the non-commissioned than the commissioned officers.

NOVEL HYDRAULIC EXPERIMENT.

Breakers of the Seashore Made to Do Duty as a Sanitary Agent.

Boston Transcript.

James J. Powers, of Jamaica, L. I., has recently accomplished a remarkable feat in hydraulic engineering, which is, after all, very simple. Near a hotel at Virginia beach was an almost stagnant sheet of water of 350 to 400 acres in area and lying three feet above sea level. The lake was about a quarter of a mile from the sea and had an outlet through a small creek. Between the lake and the sea were woods and hills. The owners of the hotel had about decided that they would have to submit to the annoyance of the muddy, offensive swamp perpetually or go to great expense for pumping to maintain a permanent level in the lake, when Mr. Powers was appealed to. His plan contemplated the construction of a flume, connecting the ocean with the lake, the object being to convey the water of the former through the latter, thus securing activity, in place of stagnation. The flume is a wooden structure, sixty feet wide and eleven feet deep, resting on piles about four feet apart. At the ocean end of this mammoth trough, which is just at the breaker line, is an "apron;" that is, an inclined plane adjusted at the end of the flume, and extending its entire width, reaching down to the ocean at an angle of forty-five degrees and extending two feet above the level of the flume. This apron is the solution of the problem. The breakers dash against it, leap up and over it and fall to the floor of the flume. There the water is made captive, so far as retreat is concerned. There is no going backward, and forward dash the waves, the breakers coming over the top of the inclined plane at the rate of twelve to fifteen a minute, equaling in bulk upward of 690,000 gallons of water. At this rate nearly 50,000,000 gallons pass along the flume to the lake every hour. It is easy to picture the effect of that enormous inrush. The whole surface of the lazy waters at once becomes energized, and the whole lake is set in motion. The presence of the salt water prevents the growth of the vegetation which previously existed on the shores of the lake, and creates a sandy beach convenient for salt-water bathing, as well as for promenades.

At Juliet's Tomb.

Critic Lounger.

A more or less sentimental friend of mine, traveling abroad in 1874, paid a visit to what is supposed to have been the last resting-place of Juliet at Verona. To emphasize her intnrest in the love-lorn maiden, she carried a wreath of immortelles, to be laid upon the tomb. Accompanying the traveler was a lady who bore the illustrious name of Shakspeare; and upon this lady's visiting-card, having accidentally left her own at the hotel, my young friend wrote her name in pencil, and, attaching it to the wreath, laid the latter upon the tomb. The custodian examined it carefully, and, lifting it with the utmost respect, gave it a more conspicuous place than had been chosen for it. As the two ladies walked away, he gazed intently after them, as if in the hope of deciding which was the wife of the alien poet whose verse had immortalized the daughter of the Capulets. Other wreaths have come and gone—Mr. Depew reports having seen ten thousand visiting-cards at the tomb—but this garland of immortelles, with Mrs. Shakspeare's card attached to it, is carefully preserved, and cherished, and exhibited with pride. Two years ago the custodian pointed it out to a friend of the young lady who had left it there. And well may the caretaker of the empty sarcophagus cherish the name of the English bard but for whom his occupation would be gone—indeed, would never have come.

THOMAS AND JANE CARLYLE.

She Was His Social and Intellectual Superior, but He Imposed Upon Her.

Philadelphia Press.

The Rev. W. H. Milburn, the blind chaplain of Congress, has something fresh to say of Thomas Carlyle. Many years ago Mr. Milburn was on the friendliest terms with the great Scotch writer, and in an interview with a Press correspondent he speaks particularly about what he regards as one of the chief causes of Mrs. Carlyle's unhappiness. "Lady Ashburton," he says, "conceived a great admiration for Carlyle, and he became a part of the literary circle which surrounded her. He became fascinated with Lady Ashburton, and though I am sure that he was true to his wife, and that Lady Ashburton was true to her husband, still the fact that he was invited to many places where his wife was not was one of the causes of her misery. Jane Welsh Carlyle was a most extraordinary woman. She was intellectually the peer of any woman of her time, but the English nobility who feted Carlyle merely tolerated her, and she felt that her admittance to their society was only upon sufferance. Mrs. Carlyle was far the superior of Thomas Carlyle in culture and refinement. He was a peasant, with the ideas of a peasant in regard to women. His mother, whom he esteemed, was an ignorant woman, who had washed the clothes of her family, and brewed and baked for them. Mrs. Carlyle came from the professional classes of England. Her father had been possessed of a good income, and she was brought up with plenty of servants about her. She was delicate in frame and remarkably sensitive in feeling. After she was married she discovered that Carlyle expected her to do the same things that his mother had done and she murmured not but attempted to do them. In the days of their poverty she did all the work about the house, and Carlyle unconsciously imposed upon her. He was very irritable, and his stomach was such that he was often in a bad humor. He would eat no bread but that which his wife baked, and he said no marmalade agreed with him except that which she made with her own hands. He often wounded her feelings without knowing it, and he was filled with remorse when his eyes were opened by her diary, which he first saw after her death. He authorized the publication of the diary more from a wish to do justice to her memory than from anything else, and he gave it over into Froude's hands, with the injunction to publish it if he thought that justice demanded it, but if he published it to print it word for word and line for line, as it was written."

GENERAL ALGER'S ONLY CASE.

His Opponent Had the Law, but He Had the Sympathy and Won It.

Chicago Mail.

General Alger's law practice began and ended with the same case. He himself tells the story thus: "I was studying law then [it was over thirty years ago] with Judge Tibbals, who was a young attorney of recognized ability. One day Judge Tibbals was called into the country to try a case. A farmer living in that neighborhood was anxious to have a tenant ejected from one of his farms for failure to pay rent, and also desired to get hold of the next year's crops to guard against loss. The case was to be heard in a school-house at the center of the township, and Tibbals and I arrived there about 10 o'clock. On the way over the Judge outlined to me, as his student, all the points he proposed to make and also pointed out the strongest arguments for the opposition.

"When we arrived the school-house was crowded and we busied ourselves in working up the case for the plaintiff. Hour after hour passed and 2 o'clock came without the arrival of the attorney for the defense. Finally Tibbals turned to me with the remark: 'Alger, you might just as well earn $5 here as not. Take hold and try the case for the defendant.' This suggestion seemed to suit the parties who ought to be most interested in my trying the case and I was not at all loath to make the $5, so I set to work. Although the law was all against my client I had not been at work a minute before I found that the sympathy of all those present was with us. A jury was impaneled, and the trial proceeded. Judge Tibbals presented his side of the case, which, from a legal stand-point, was faultless. Then I arose. I had no argument to offer. But I just laid myself out to work on the sympathies of the jurors, and spent most of my time in drawing a picture of the desolation that would certainly fall upon the defendant and his family were they to be ejected from the farm and the crops confiscated. The jurors retired. In five minutes they returned with a verdict for my client. I got my $5, and Judge Tibbals and I rode home together. That was the first and last time I ever appeared as a practitioner in court."

AS OTHERS SAW HIM.

Actor Sullivan Hears Himself Criticized in a Chicago Hotel.

Chicago Post.

"Went over to see that brute Sullivan act," remarked a small, loquacious man from New York to a large, finely proportioned individual in the rotunda of the Leland Hotel this morning.

"Indeed!" remarked the one addressed, raising himself in his chair to size up the other, who was a stranger to him, and then falling languidly back again. "And what did you think of him?"

"Think of him? He isn't worth thinking about. He's simply N. G., and I am in hopes of running across him to tell him my mind. The boxing match is the only thing to the show, and that isn't worth anything for the reason that Sullivan hasn't any science. He's clumsy, loggy and—well, he's a stiff, and that's all there is about him."

"Would you know him if you saw him?" asked the large man with an amused smile.

"Yes, I would. I only wish I could see him. I'd speak my mind to him, and if he said anything back I'd break his nose. He is only a bully, and a man with nerve need never be afraid of him."

"I know him well," said the big man, "and should be glad to introduce you if you will tell me your name. Here's my card."

The little man took the card, on which was engraved:

"John L. Sullivan."

Then he turned suddenly to the big man, in whose eyes was discernible at the instant that savage glitter which has half won him many a battle in the ring before striking a blow, but he forgot for some reason to give his card in return or even to tell his name. His neglect was doubtless due to his suddenly remembering an engagement, for he jerked out his watch, looked at it and with the speed of a man trying to overtake an already moving train, rushed down the corridor and through the doorway into the street. The big man watched him till he disappeared from view, then he lit a fresh cigar, and as he resumed his easy attitude, gave vent to a contemptuous "Huh!"

The First American Torpedo Boat.

John M. Ellicott, in November St. Nicholas.

European countries have built large numbers of these boats. Italy has now about 200; England, 175; France, 150; Russia, 130; Germany, 100; and Spain, 20. On this side of the Atlantic the Argentine Republic has 18; Brazil, 15; and Chilli, 10.

Of course, you wish to know how many our own Nation has. Well, we have one. It was recently launched, and if you read the papers you will no doubt see accounts of its trials for speed. It is a big one—a "deep-sea" boat—very much like the Italian Nibbio in appearance, but not in any way designed after that boat. It was built by the Messrs. Herreshoff at Bristol, R. I. This firm has built some very fast launches and yachts, and can no doubt prove equal to the best foreign builders in constructing torpedo boats should others be demanded.

Our torpedo-boat is named the Cushing, after a famous naval officer, who, during the rebellion, sank a confederate iron-clad with a torpedo rigged out on a spar projecting from a steam launch. Torpedo-boats are not always named. It is the custom of foreign countries to give names only to their "deep-sea" torpedo-boats. The smaller ones are only numbered.

I know you are wondering why we have only one torpedo boat, and would like to ask me if we don't need more. Perhaps we do. The United States has a longer sea-coast and more important seaports to protect than any other country; but the United States is deliberate and thoughtful.

The present Secretary of the Navy has asked Congress to appropriate money for five torpedo boats in addition to the Cushing, and no doubt successful trials of these will bring about the building of many more.

A Wise Caution to Women.

Ladies' Home Journal.

Speaking of shopping, I never go into one of the great city stores but I see women laying themselves open to positive danger from contaminating disease. Wishing to match some "sample" of ribbon or fabric, they search for the piece taken from home in their portemonnaie, meanwhile holding bank notes and ofttimes coin between their lips or teeth. The act is a thoughtless one, but none the less of a most dangerous kind. Money is handled by all classes, goes into and out of the houses and families where sickness prevails, and the disease often lurking in a bank-bill or on the face of a coin is as probable as it is possible. And yet I constantly see women in moments of thoughtlessness, bringing danger upon themselves. The practice is one which cannot be too carefully guarded against, in our changing climate it is difficult enough to retain good health—we do not need thoughtless actions, like the one indicated, to unnecessarily make the chances of sickness greater.

AN INCIDENT OF SHILOH.

An Ex-Confederate's Story of Brave Charlie Jackson, a Youth of Fifteen.

F. G. de F., in New York Press.

After the battle of Pittsburg Landing I had occasion to visit a wounded comrade in one of the hospitals at Memphis. Occupying the same ward with him was a lad fifteen years of age named Charlie Jackson. His case was hopeless and the little fellow knew it. Dr. Keller, the surgeon in charge, related his story, and it so aptly illustrates the character of the private soldier, whether fighting under the stars and bars or the stars and stripes, that it is worthy of repetition. Several months prior to the battle his father had raised a company, in which Charlie was permitted to drill, and eventually he became so expert in the manual that at times he was permitted to act as drill-master. After awhile marching orders were received, when the father, considering the age of the boy, and probably his own paternal feelings, told him that he must remain at home. To this Charlie strongly demurred, and gave his parent to understand that if he could not go with him he would join another company. Yielding to his obstinacy, a sort of silent consent was given, and the lad left home for the front with the rest of the boys.

The regiment to which they belonged was ordered to Burnsville, several miles from Corinth; here it remained until the Friday or Saturday preceding the battle, when orders were received to repair at once to the field and take position. Charlie was asleep at the time of the departure, and the father unwilling that one so young should undergo the fatigue of a long march of twenty miles and the dangers of the coming fight, gave orders that the boy should not be aroused. When, several hours afterward, Charlie awoke and took in the situation of affairs, he instantly determined to follow. Seizing his gun he started alone on the trail of his absent regiment. Hour after hour he trudged along, and just as they halted, preparatory to going into battle, he succeeded in joining his company. His father chided him, but how could he do otherwise than admire the indomitable spirit of his boy? The fight began and Charlie was soon in its midst. A bullet struck him and made an ugly wound that would have sent most men to the rear, but the lad pressed on with unchecked enthusiasm, firing, cheering and charging with the remainder of his regiment until at a late hour of the day he fell with another bullet in his leg. Giving a cheer, he called to his father to "Go on! Don't mind me. Keep on. I'll lay here till you come back." This, of course, the feelings of the parent would not permit him to do, and taking his son in his arms he carried him to the nearest field hospital. A day or two after the battle the little soldier was sent to Memphis, feeble, yet full of hope and courage.

When Dr. Keller, the surgeon-in-chief, examined the wound he saw that the poor boy was beyond recovery, and that an amputation of the limb would only increase his sufferings without prolonging life. Charlie noticed the sober countenance of the physician as he turned away to break the mournful news to the weeping father and mother, for nothing could be done but administer opiates that would allay his pain. When, a few minutes afterward, the surgeon returned to the bedside of the sufferer, the young hero abruptly met him with the remark:

"Doctor, will you answer me a straightforward question and tell me the truth?"

The physician paused a moment, then said: "Yes, Charlie, I will; but you must prepare for bad news."

"Can I live?"

"No; nothing can save you but a miracle. You have a mortal wound."

"Well, I thought so myself," was the response. "I feel as if I was going to die. Do father and mother know this?"

"Yes," answered the surgeon, "I have just told them."

"Please ask them to come in here?"

When the parents had done so and taken their places by the bedside, Charlie reached out, and, grasping their hands, said:

"Dear father and mother, Dr. Keller says that I can't live. I'm not afraid to die, but I want to ask your forgiveness for all the wrong I have done. I have tried to be a good boy in every way but one, and that was when I disobeyed you both and joined the army. I couldn't help that, for I felt as if I ought to be right where you were, father, and to fight as long as I was able. I'm only sorry that I can't fight through the war. If I've said or done anything wrong, won't you forgive me?"

The afflicted parents could only weep their assent. "Now, father," continued the boy, "one thing more—don't stay here, but go back to the boys in camp and tell them how you left me. Mother will take good care of me, and you are more wanted in the company than in the hospital. And, father, tell the boys how I died—just as a soldier ought to, and that I shall watch them and pray for them in camp and in battle."

A few days afterward Charlie breathed his last, and the soldier told me that, inured as he was to spectacles of suffering and woe, when he stood by the side of that dying boy his heart overflowed in tears, and he knelt down and sobbed like a child.

WEALTH INSIDE A STATUE.

Heirs of an Old French Lady Find It by Accident.

Paris Dispatch to London Daily Telegraph.

Pygmalion, the ancient artist, could not be more overjoyed when his statue became transformed into a lovely woman than the heirs of the late Mme. Artaud, who recently died in Paris, when they discovered a considerable fortune carefully hidden away in the interior of a common plaster of paris reproduction of the famous Venus of Milo. The history of the sudden find is curious and entertaining. Mme. Artaud died without making a will, and, as she had no notary her children and grandchildren appealed to a financial adviser of the deceased who used occasionally to put her money out in Stock Exchange speculations. That the old lady had left a fair share of lucre was certain, and as not a stiver nor a bank note could be found anywhere in her rooms, the heirs came to the natural conclusion that the financial agent must have been intrusted by Mme. Artaud with her money before she made her exit from this world. The agent declared in the most positive manner that he had received nothing for a long time from Mme. Artaud, who, feeling her end approaching, gave up Bourse speculations.

This did not satisfy the heirs, who plumply accused the agent of having appropriated what did not belong to him, but as they had no proofs against him, they were unable to begin legal proceedings. They accordingly set to work to divide the furniture and general belongings of the deceased between them. The dining-room and salon chairs, tables and trappings were in empire style and worth from £300 to £400, but, as it would be impossible to obtain more than half their value, the discontent among the heirs increased. A lottery of the effects having been organized, an old statue representing the goddess of love fell to one of the daughters of the deceased, who was about to break it with vexation, when one of her relatives proposed to examine it to see if by any chance it were a rare work of art. The base of the statue was covered over underneath with oil-cloth, and when the covering was removed out tumbled a choice collection of bank notes, bonds, securities, and obligations, the whole amounting in value to about £2,000. The plaster of paris Venus will be piously preserved by the family now as an emblem of luck and a happy heirloom.

Barnum on Marriage.

Ladies' Home Journal.

A congenial marriage, no matter at what time of life, is conducive to happiness, and happiness produces longevity. My advice to young men, therefore, is to marry, but do not marry hastily. You will need good judgment in taking this step, and must use it. But be not too critical, and do not wait for perfection. There is no fault in marriage, and no failure. Mismatches, though, occur; but these are attributable to the persons making them, and not to the institution of marriage itself.

NAPOLEON'S SCHEMES FOR MARRIAGE.

A Discovery That Helps to Explain the Great Russian Campaign.

London Tablet.

M. Tatischtscheff, a former Russian diplomatist, has published in the Russian Archivist the whole of the secret correspondence between the French and Russian courts concerning a proposed marriage between Napoleon I and a Russian princess. For a long time it was supposed that the French had possessed themselves of the Russian copies during the expedition of 1812, and that they had been lost during the disasters of the retreat from Moscow. Another supposition was that at the occupation of Paris by the allies, either in 1814 or in 1815, the copies found in Paris had been destroyed by Russian agents. M. Tatischtscheff discovered the missing documents in the Russian division of the archives of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at Paris. He writes, in his introduction, as follows:

The first idea of strengthening the political alliance with France by means of a family connection with the Emperor seems to have entered into the head of Alexander on the occasion of the meeting at Tilsit. It is believed that up to that time Napoleon had had no idea of a separation from Josephine, but he took note of Alexander's proposal, deferring indefinitely any action. It will be remembered that his biographers generally agree in dating back the idea of the divorce to the time of the Tilsit interview. At that time any suggestion of marriage must have contemplated the favorite sister of the Emperor Alexander, the Grand Duchess Catherine, a person of extraordinary beauty and attraction, for her younger sister, the Grand Duchess Anne, was barely twelve years of age. But the Czar's views were not those of his mother, the Dowager Empress Maria Feodorovna, who was decidedly unfavorable to any closer connection with France. She had contemplated marrying her daughter to the Emperor Francis I of Austria (grandfather of the present Emperor), who was then a widower; but this project fell through.

Immediately after the Tilsit conferences, when she learned the projects of her son, the Czar, she dispatched Count Golosokin on a confidential mission to secure a husband for her daughter among the old reigning houses of western Europe. But the confidential envoy was soon convinced by his inquiries at Vienna and Munich that an essential preliminary to such a marriage would be that the Grand Duchess should become a Catholic. A year passed away. Napoleon had all but determined on the divorce, and at the interview with Alexander at Erfurt he commissioned Talleyrand to sound the Czar on the idea of the marriage of the French Emperor with his sister. The correspondence indicates that Talleyrand, who generally was influenced, even in diplomatic proceedings, by what he thought would conduce to his own interest at some future time, insinuated some distrust against his master's policy. At any rate, the Emperor Alexander, whose ardent feelings toward Napoleon had somewhat cooled, gave an undecided and not encouraging answer, mentioning that his father, the Emperor Paul, had by will expressly given to his widow, the Dowager Empress, the absolute control over the marriages of her daughters. The Czar returned to St. Petersburg, and the Empress mother, resolved to put an end to all danger of French machinations to secure her daughter as a wife for Napoleon, summoned one of the family relatives, Prince George of Oldenburg, and early in the following year he was married to the Grand Duchess Catherine, in the presence of the King and Queen of Prussia, the special objects of Napoleon's dislike. It would appear that even this decided step did not make the French Emperor abandon all idea of obtaining a Russian grand duchess for a wife, for the correspondence on the subject continued down to the end of 1809. But, meantime, the campaign against Austria had been brought to a successful conclusion, and it had been settled that the Archduchess Marie Louise was to be part of the price of peace.

The documents more than suggest causes which were at least contributory to the war of 1812. The true causes of that war have never yet been sufficiently investigated, according to the Russian diplomatic editor of this remarkable correspondence.

WAYS OF ENGLISHMEN.

What They Say When Asked to Furnish Something Out of Stock—Riley's Book.

Eugene Field's London Letter.

Two years ago the Messrs. Longmans, of this city, published a compilation of James Whitcomb Riley's poems, under the title of "Old-Fashioned Roses." At first the importation of the book into the States was prohibited, but subsequently Mr. Riley acceded to terms proposed by the English publishers, and the volume was put on sale in the principal cities the other side of the ocean. The importation must have been considerable, for I find that at the publishers' the edition is wholly exhausted. Mr. Frank T. W. Palmer, of Chicago, forwarded to Longmans last week his check for seven copies of the book; presently he got word that the volume was out of print—would some other book do just as well?

That's English for you! But the stereotyped answer of the average tradesman when he is out of what you want (and he invariably is!) is: "Very sorry we've just run out of it sir; but we can send to our factory and order it if you wish!"

A never-failing reliance is "our factory." Upon "our factory" does the British tradesman fall back as naturally and as gracefully as if it were a couch of down. Every little two-by-five shop-keeper claims to have "our factory," and so he has, only 'tis not his factory any more than 'tis yours or mine; he buys of an agent or drummer who calls around with samples every fortnight. Yet "our factory" has come to be a standing joke among American visitors in London.

Mr. Leigh Lynch says that when he was in London with the base-ball teams eighteen months ago he visited the Royal Orphan Asylum one day. After having inspected the place with genuine interest he remarked to the manager that he regarded it as rather amazing that among all the little children he saw there he did not find one with brown eyes. Thereupon (so Lynch tells me) the manager began to hem, to haw and to shuffle at a great rate.

"No, I'm very sorry, sir, that we're short of the brown-eyed article to-day," said the manager, "but I'll send down to our factory and order one if you like."

MRS. GRANT'S DREAM.

A Vision of New Orleans Seen in a Dream Which Was Afterward Realized.

"My early home was in St. Louis," says Mrs. U. S. Grant, in an interview now for the first time made public. "New Orleans was then the great commercial metropolis of the South, and, with the young people of my acquaintance, a visit to New Orleans was the great event of a lifetime. When one of our circle was so fortunate as to be able to spend a few days there he was the envy of us all. One night I had a dream. In my dream I seemed to be in the city of New Orleans, and the people came out in masses to do me honor. I was invited to dine with all the leading persons of the city, and feted until it seemed that the whole city had turned out. The populace brought great rolls of carpeting and spread it on the walks, and the enthusiasm was as great as though a queen was receiving the fealty of her subjects.

"But all the time it seemed to me that while all this was in my honor, and I was permitted to receive the honors as if no one else shared them, yet another was present, and his presence was the real occasion of the enthusiastic reception that was tendered us.

"I married General Grant, and the fortunes of war placed him where his kindness of heart enabled him to place the South, as they thought, under the most lasting obligations, and they never seemed to tire of expressing their gratitude. After the General retired from the presidency, as you know, we made a tour of the South. When we visited New Orleans my girlhood dream all came true. The entire populace of New Orleans turned out to do us honor. They unrolled great rolls of carpet on the walks, as though the flag-stones were not good enough for us to walk on. We were the guests of the leading men, and of the city itself, and were feted by everybody as though everyone was trying to outdo the other. Never did any person receive a greater ovation, and I could not help feeling that it all came from the generous hearts of the people as a token of their appreciation of the General's kindness to General Lee and his army."

In Distress.

Philadelphia Record.

"Oh, Dolphy, dear," she said, as she met him in the hall, with tears in her eyes, "how ever shall we get our wedding invitations around when Mr. Wanamaker has just excluded all lottery announcements from the mails? Is marriage a lottery, really, Dolphy?"